Sandbagging, Revered American Tradition

Remembering my Dad's union, ITU, mostly linotypers, Newspaper management dispatches a fresh Yale grad

to what they know will be a wild, raucous meeting & membership responds with shout & screams, plus an accomplished double-talker who commences

his questions clearly enough, but then mishmashes hilariously & at agonizing length.

"What? Excuse me?" sputters callow interpreter of Plutocracy, furiously digging his attache case.

Oh well, he'll get chances to learn, including this occasion, but, I suspect, remain a fool, a prosperous one due to class, of course.